

Grit.

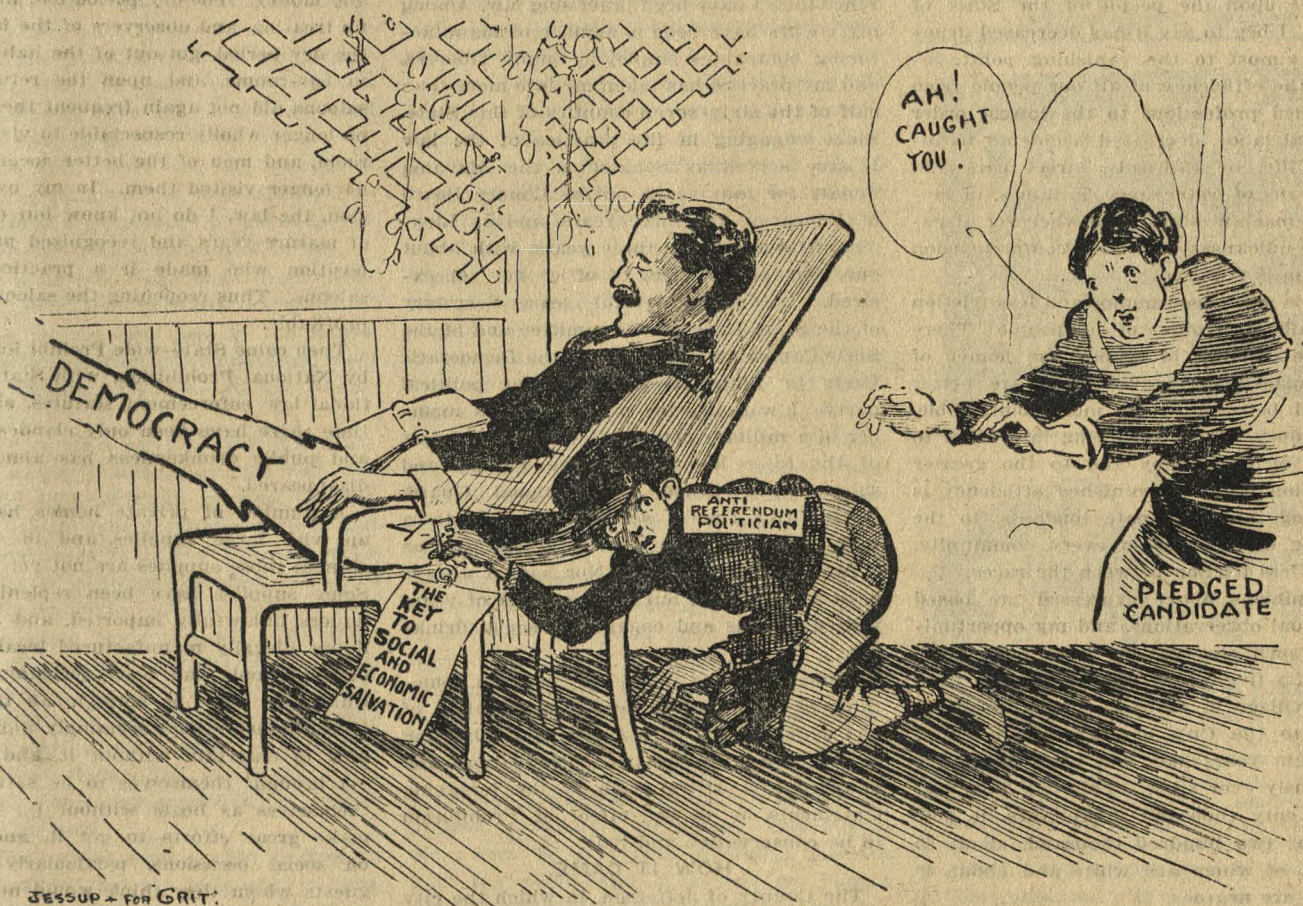
A JOURNAL OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND PROHIBITION

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Twopence.

SYDNEY, JANUARY 26, 1922.

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JESSUP - FOR GRIT.

WHILE MEN SLEEP.

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A Convincing Letter.

Nathan Miller,
Lieutenant-Governor,
T. G. Bedsole,
President pro tem.

SENATE CHAMBER,

MONTGOMERY, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.,

W. F. Miller,
Secretary.
H. F. Reese, Jr.,
Assistant Secretary.

November 25, 1921.

Mr. Gifford Gordon, Birmingham, Ala.

Dear Sir,—In response to your inquiry as to the effect of the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors and beverages upon the people of the State of Alabama, I beg to say it has decreased drunkenness almost to the vanishing point, increased the efficiency of all our people from the learned professions to the lowest order of manual labor, decreased accidents in industrial life, on railroads, street cars and other means of conveyance, in mines, in factories, in machine shops, and wherever attention and quickness of wit or comprehension and action is required.

There is more good humor and less friction in the daily intercourse of our people. There are more children in school, the homes of those engaged in manual labor are better furnished, better kept and more comfortable.

The money which was going into drink to the loss of the money and to the greater loss of time and in diminished efficiency is now going into legitimate business, to the upholding of business in every community. There is less friction between the races.

The opinions above expressed are based upon actual observations, and my opportunities for such observations have been good. I am fifty-five years old, was born in a country village in Alabama, moved with my parents to the City of Birmingham about thirty-eight years ago, and have lived here continuously ever since. This city then had about twenty thousand inhabitants, it now has about two hundred thousand, about 60 per cent. of whom are white and about 40 per cent. are negroes.

THE RIGHT TO SPEAK.

For thirteen years I was an officer in a Law and Equity Court, 1885 to 1898 inclusive. Since then I have been practising law. Among my clients have been a number of manufacturing companies employing many laborers, and my practice has taken me into more than half of the sixty-seven counties of this State. Since engaging in the practice of the law I have served as Senator in the Alabama Senate for four years, on my County Board of Education for three years, and as Lieutenant-Governor for three years, with about one year of my term of office not yet expired. I was for several years Secretary of the State Executive Committee and of the State Campaign Committee of the Democratic Party in Alabama—the dominant political party. I was also for several years a member of a military company, which was a part of the force known as State Troops, and subsequently called the National Guard. During this time I served in five riots, a part of the time as a private and part as a commissioned officer. Nor have I always been a teetotaler, but for a number of years visited saloons and engaged in social drinking.

I mention these things to show you something of my opportunities for observation of and acquaintance with our people. Growing out of such experience, observation and knowledge, I affirm each of the foregoing statements as to the effect of Prohibition to be conservative and true.

HOW IT CAME.

The County of Jefferson, in which the city

of Birmingham is situated, voted dry in 1907 under a local option election. At that time this city had about one hundred and forty licensed saloons, many of the most prominent down-town corners being occupied by them. It was predicted that these business places would remain unoccupied after being vacated by the saloons, but they did not. All such vacated places were filled by legitimate business concerns.

Many drinking places were, however, provided, some calling themselves social clubs, and the law was more or less openly violated to the disgust of many people, and some of the faint-hearted Prohibitionists concluded that the law could not be enforced. After about three years of this sort of Prohibition another local option election was called and the sale under license authorized, but only forty saloons opened as compared with the one hundred and forty which formerly operated. From common business report, which my observations tended to confirm, not more than two or three of those saloons made any money. The dry period had most broken up treating, and observers of the law, during the dry period, got out of the habit of going to bar-rooms, and upon the return of the saloons did not again frequent them. It was no longer wholly respectable to visit the bar-room, and men of the better social positions no longer visited them. In my own profession, the law, I do not know but one lawyer of mature years and recognised professional position who made it a practice to visit saloons. Thus reopening the saloons was not profitable.

Then came State-wide Prohibition, followed by National Prohibition, with State and National law enforcement statutes, since which time there have been only clandestine sales, and public drunkenness has almost wholly disappeared.

A number of private homes had stocked up with large supplies, and in a few instances those supplies are not yet exhausted. Some supplies have been replenished with liquors unlawfully imported, and some with liquor illegally manufactured locally. Many of our people had been accustomed to use whisky or wine, or both, in all their social entertainments, and seemingly did not know how to entertain without it, and have not yet brought themselves to be satisfied with themselves as hosts without it. They still make great efforts to get it, and serve it on social occasions, particularly to those guests whom they think would miss it, and

(Continued on page 15.)

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SYDNEY J. HAYHOW,

Sandwich Specialist.

Provision Merchant

Small Goods Manufacturer

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How to Raise Revenue.

A TAX ON LUXURIES.

(By DR. RICHARD ARTHUR, M.L.A.).

To-day I strolled down the street that in Sydney is called "Temptation Row." Crowds, mostly of women, were feasting their eyes on what the shop windows contained or were within the shops buying—trash. It was incredible—the rubbish they desired to make their own or to bestow this Christmastide upon their friends. And the price of these fripperies was equally incredible. There was a kimono from Japan at £11/11/-, a hideous contraption of a hat from Paris at £16/16/-, an opera cloak at £18/18/-, a purse bag at £6/6/-, a nightdress at £3/12/6, a pair of gloves £1/15/-, a manicure set at £6/6/-, a bottle of scent £4/4/-, and hair brushes at £15/15/-, diamond rings at £125, pearl necklaces up to £1000.

And for the men there were gold cigarette cases at £25, and cigars at 2/6 each, and for the children, toys up to £11/11/-, and dresses up to £4/4/-.

These certainly were the top prices for goods in the windows, but it is equally certain that there were persons prepared to pay these prices for what they wanted to buy.

Now most of this trash came from overseas, and for it was bartered the fruits of human toil on the land and in the mines, good wheat and butter, meat and fruit, wool and hides, metals and coal—all the necessities of life.

It seemed to me a sorry bargain, and, furthermore, a tragic farce that men and women should labor without ceasing through the years, should face drought and flood and fire and loneliness to gain a pittance, while the product of their labors should be exchanged for trash for other women to buy, and either adorn their persons or fill their houses with. And I thought also of the children in the city who lacked the essentials for health and growth—milk and butter and eggs and meat, because their mothers had not the wherewithal to obtain them, while these other women poured out money like water on trash.

This brings me to what I want to impress upon the public, that the best way to raise revenue for national purposes is by a tax upon such things as I have described—a Luxury Tax.

There should be no taxation on the necessities of life, and as little as possible on the means for wealth production.

Revenue should be obtained from those persons who have surplus income after they have provided themselves with the things essential for their material well-being.

But even here discrimination must be made between the various uses to which surplus income is put. Take the case of two men on the land, who have made a clear profit of £1000 over and above all their working and living expenses. One spends this sur-

plus in improving his property by employing labor, or in buying new machinery, or puts in a bank against a rainy day. The other goes to the city with his wife, and while he frequents the racecourse and the Stadium, she gets rid of much of the surplus in "Temptation Row." Now is it not folly to hit these two men equally by a heavy income tax?

If we take a large portion of the first man's surplus from him by taxation, we are preventing more wealth production, decreasing employment, and are injuring ourselves as well as him. On the other hand, as money must be obtained for Governmental purposes what more legitimate subject for taxation could there be than these luxuries that people need not, but will buy?

A heavy turnover tax on such things would bring in a very large revenue. A 3 per cent. turnover tax on intoxicants produced about £225,000 in this State last year, so it can be imagined what a 25 per cent. tax on luxuries would bring in. In France, Germany and the United States there is such a tax in existence to-day. Even meals and accommodation in expensive hotels have the tax imposed, and clothes, furniture, etc., above a certain reasonable price, are included also. Thus, if a man orders a suit—say, of six or seven guineas—he is exempt, but if the suit costs twenty guineas, then he will have to pay several pounds of a tax. I suggest also that dwelling houses above a certain amount be also liable. Of course, it may be urged that people would cease to buy luxuries, but as long as they have much surplus money there is little or no chance of that, though it is evident they will have to buy less of them. But even if the sale of them fell off tremendously, and the importation of them was correspondingly lessened, would anyone except a few importing agents and retailers of luxuries be any the worse? Suppose no champagne, whisky, expensive cigars, hats, dresses, jewellery, racehorses, bric-a-brac, etc., were brought into Australia for the next ten years, and if instead we bought agricultural, textile and electrical machinery, motor-tractors, galvanised iron, wire netting, and certain kinds of fertilisers, what a chance there would be to translate Sir Joseph Caruthers' dream of a Million Farms into activity!

And even if we bought nothing in place of these luxuries, we would then have a surplus of exports to pay off some of our debts to England, and by reducing these we would reduce the taxation needed to meet our interest bill.

I have set myself the task of convincing the public of N.S.W. that it is the fairest and most equitable form of taxation, and is one which would set free a very large amount of

capital for productive purposes, and so possibly lower the rate of interest charged on advances to primary and secondary producers.

If anyone who reads this does not agree, let him or her write and prove—if they can—that I am mistaken.

WONDERFUL ERADICA "Sure Cure for Septic Sores."

ERADICA

Is highly recommended for boils, burns, bruises, carbuncles, abscesses, poisoned or inflamed sores, poisoned bites, gathered sores, whitlows, and septic sores.

Sold by Anthony Hordern, W. H. Soul, Pattinson, Winn's, Ltd., Oxford-street, Sydney.

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DESIGNERS - ILLUSTRATORS
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The Danks' Tool Department offers a triple advantage: A selection from the best makers of Britain, America, and Australia; prices as low as exchange rates and financial conditions overseas permit; and a guarantee of quality.

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And at Melbourne.

New South Wales Alliance

Offices—Macdonell House, Pitt Street, Sydney.
Cable and Telegraphic Address: Dry, Sydney.

Phones: General Offices, City 157; Organising and Public Meeting Dept., City 8944.

GOULBURN WEEK.

A USEFUL PROGRAMME.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 28:

6 p.m., Workers' Tea and Conference.
8.30 p.m., Open-air demonstration.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 29:

Church services in the Cathedral, Presbyterian Church, Anglican Churches, Methodist Churches.

MONDAY, JANUARY 30:

Business Men's Tea, Town Hall.
Addresses in factories.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2:

Public demonstration, Majestic Theatre.

The speakers will be Messrs. Arthur Toombes (Queensland), Francis Wilson, W. D. B. Creagh, and Henry Macourt. Other meetings will be held at Tallong, Marulan, Collector, etc.

Mr. Shonk will visit Crookwell the same week, taking church services and speaking in the open air and at a public meeting.

Mr. Arthur Toombes will be at Drummoine Methodist Church on Sunday evening, and also at a united rally after church.

Rev. J. T. Phair takes the service at St. Michael's, Surry Hills, in the evening.

THE HOLIDAY PROGRAMME.

This, as anticipated, was the "best yet," particularly so far as the open-air work was concerned. A noticeable feature was the splendid attention given to the various speakers in the streets at Katoomba and Manly.

There were 18 addresses given at church services, eight at public meetings, and 24 in the open air, the audiences totalling over 8000.

As a beginning for the year, it was decidedly auspicious. There was much encouragement to be got from it, so far as it could be taken as an indication of popular favor.

A LIVE COMMITTEE.

Sans Souci has a real live Prohibition Committee, which is most fortunate in having as its secretary Mr. D. H. Hardy, a man of energy, enthusiasm, and initiative.

At the last meeting Mr. Hopsen was elected as President in place of Rev. H. G. Whittle. A resolution also was carried, declaring that in view of the unsatisfactory condition of members of Parliament in the House recently the liquor bar at the House should be closed. A similar resolution has been passed by the Sans Souci Branch of the A.L.P. and by the local Branch of the Protestant Federation—at the instance of Mr. Hardy.

The Sans Souci members are to begin a comprehensive canvass of the district for recruits for their committee, and to get other local bodies to link up in the fight for Prohibition.

MORE POWER TO REFERENDUM PLEDGE.

It is a remarkable accomplishment that in each of various electorates we have obtained over 4000 signatures to the Referendum pledge. We have made the power of

the Pledge a mighty force in these electorates, and no candidate for Parliament can afford to ignore them.

So far, so good.

At the last meeting of the Referendum Pledge Committee it was decided to continue the campaign right throughout the State right up to polling day, and friends everywhere are urged not to relax their efforts. This election will be a character election. In all parties there is a big need for more backbone and personal worth, and one need not be a prophet to safely say that there will be some big personal surprises when the results are known. The Referendum Committee have in addition decided to concentrate activities on certain electorates. These electorates are strategical points, electorates in which weaknesses will make our campaign efforts particularly effective. We are working quietly in these electorates, obtaining not publicity, not opposition, but pledges, and the pledge stream continues to flow in. Prominent amongst the batches received during the past week are bundles from Tamworth, Duri, Lismore, Armidale, Young, Kogarah, Ardlethan, Arncliffe, Jambaroo, West Maitland, Mascot, Orange, Croydon Park, Concord, and Bathurst electorates, while the Rechabite tents, Bankstown, Ashfield, etc., are sending along good consignments. Put no limit to your activities, to the number of Pledges, or to your enthusiasm. Send us what you know about the temperance and Prohibition history of the candidates for your electorate.

We will have histories of candidates compiled.

We shall let the pledged-people know definitely who are pledged candidates in their electorate. We shall ensure a Parliament of men who will stand for real democracy—a referendum.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

A GENEROUS GIFT.

A letter has been received from Joyce Hawkins, winner of the £3/3/- prize in the recent Essay contest, intimating that the amount has been sent to the "Starving Children in Europe" Fund. This is indeed a kindly action.

REMEMBER FEBRUARY 7th.

The Y.P. Workers' Conference at 7.30 p.m. on that date promises to be most successful. Officers, Teachers, Endeavors, and all people interested in temperance work among young people are invited to come. The features include:

1. Temperance Film, "In the Grip of Alcohol."
2. Adoption of Constitution for Union.
3. Election of Officers.
4. Addresses on "Prohibition Facts for Addresses to Young People,"—Mr. F. Wilson.
5. Report on State-wide Y.P. Work.
6. The Australian Y.P. Campaign.
7. Announcement re Sydney Town Hall Demonstration.
8. Collection for Y.P. Campaign.

OUR AGGRESSIVE CAMPAIGN.

Plans are being prepared for a series of big Y.P. demonstrations in the suburbs. About 10 will be held in suburban Town Halls from March to May, and they will conclude with a monster procession and demonstration in the Sydney Town Hall in May.

Unique features will be incorporated in these demonstration. When there is one in your locality be sure to attend. Full particulars later.

RECITERS' CORNER.

This recitation will be useful for our young elocutionists. Cut it out and use it at a subsequent meeting:—

OUR MISSION.

Come! Listen to the cheery tale,
Which we are going to tell you,
About the joy and happiness
Our temperance laws will bring you.

Too long drink's cursed our sunny land,
And filled bright homes with sadness;
So we've resolved that it must go—
To keep it would be madness.

The breweries must all be closed;
Then prisons will be fewer,
And sugar will be cheaper far,
When rescued from the brewer.

Our grapes, instead of making wine,
Or brandy—deadly poison—
Will furnish tons of rain cake,
To feed the girls and boys on!

To make the land a happy one
Is our exalted mission;
So come and help us in the fight
For Total Prohibition.

F. E. DEXTER.

"GRIT" SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Received to 20/1/22, and where not mentioned the amount received is 10/-: James Ronald, 21/12/22; A. Beaton, £1, 7/7/22; H. Dunston, £1, 30/12/21; W. Robbins, 30/1/23; A. S. Mowbray, 2/6/23; Mrs. Ball, 8s. 6d., 10/11/22; Mrs. McCloy, 30/12/21; H. R. Purse, 15/10/23.

The following are paid to 30/12/22: P. A. Quayle, Miss F. Spencer, James Woods, Mrs. Alban Gee, Rev. T. Hughes, E. Bland, Miss Minnie Winton, G. S. Matthews, Mrs. W. W. Richardson, V. G. Rudder, A. H. Harris, 12s. 6d., Miss Louthean, £1 (2 copies), John Clout, Miss M. Hardwick, Mrs. Conn, Mrs. Service, Miss E. Campbell, Miss M. Weir, Miss Molster.

PASS "GRIT" ON WAHROONGA Grammar School.

GROSVENOR ROAD, WAHROONGA.

Headmaster.

Rev. CLIFTON P. BROWN, M.A.,

Honorary in History, English, Logic and Philosophy, Melbourne University.

It is the aim of the College to prepare boys for entry into the larger Public Schools, and therefore not only is a thorough grounding given in all school subjects, but also the preparation in character and physique, which is so important, is a matter of careful attention. Too much stress cannot be laid on this, as often the advantages of the greater school are lost or seriously lessened because the boy has not been properly prepared to appreciate and use them.

The school is open to boys under the age of fourteen years.

Only a limited number of boarders will be taken in order that each boy may be under the personal care of the Headmaster and his wife.

WE WANT THE TRUTH ABOUT CANDIDATES

To all Workers in the Referendum Pledge Campaign:

The statement presented to the Pledge Campaign Committee at its last meeting disclosed a fine position and strong prospects for the pledged people. In each of various electorates over 4000 pledges have been obtained!

Fresh plans have been made. We're now concentrating on certain electorates. The pledge cannot fail, and every electorate should continue its efforts.

NOW

the need arises for absolutely reliable information regarding the temperance and Prohibition history of each Parliamentary candidate in each party. Help us to obtain the facts. Make sure of your facts, and then send them along to this office. As the facts will be submitted to candidates before we make the histories known we shall be under no obligation to disclose the names of correspondents, and your letters will be strictly private.

Yes! but have You Signed?

A MODERN PLEDGE.

SIGN

&

SEND.

|

SEND

FOR

MORE.

I promise that I will not give my first preference vote to any candidate for Parliament who is not pledged to support the democratic principle of an immediate Referendum on Prohibition to be decided by a bare majority.

Signature

Address

SIGN

&

SEND.

|

SEND

FOR

MORE.



Sign and send to N.S.W. Alliance, 321 Pitt-street, Sydney, or leave at pledge table.

OUR LATEST.

Mr. R. A. PRICE (Prog.), Oxley Electorate, writes:

"I stand for a referendum of the people. The liquor question is one which should be left entirely to the people."

12/1/1922.

LOVERS OF GOOD COFFEE
SHOULD PURCHASE
GRIFFITHS BROS.
Pure Coffee



Politics is a game.

The trouble is that the spirit of true sport does not enter into it.

The players in the game unfortunately have not to foot the bill.

The Government have achieved success in money spending. This is a highly developed art among the dossers of the Domain, and like swearing needs no education. While the Government have failed to supply food per the medium of work for the unemployed, they have shown themselves experts at making a hash of things.

Political gas unfortunately is not of the illuminating variety, so that we are still very much in the dark about many things. Mr. McGirr has evidently been stirred to imitate Samson, who had the right idea about advertising, since he took two columns and brought down the house.

Mac. had the jawbone, the blindness, the advertising idea, but he only rocked the House.

Still he is bound, being a bounder, to have another go.

Mr. McGirr says money is of no consideration at this time.

Maybe.

Money has, however, not been talking. It has been yelling for some time in Macquarie-street.

There is an old saying that "Prosperity makes us all feel like dancing a jig, and when we gets done dancing and paying the fiddler, we aint got no prosperity."

A nod is as good as a wink, Mac.

You may feel like dancing now—but don't ride your prosperity too hard. Your master—the People—will be asking questions soon.

THE BIRD TRADERS.

The community should be thankful to those public-spirited people who have brought to light the disgraceful trading arrangements of the semi-political Board that controls the Zoo.

We ought to protect the birds, some wag has said, for the dove brings peace, and the stork brings tax exemption.

Apart, however, from the bird lovers' point of view, the financial arrangement with Mr. Joseph has a fishy smell rather than a birdie one.

While we are indignant about this exportation of our birds, it would be a pity to use up all our indignation in this direction.

Cruelty to our pet birds is much commoner than most people think. What sort of a person is it that condemns a wee canary to "bread and water" for life in prison? There are dozens of grasses with seeds that a canary loves. Why not find these out and treat your bird decently? I have seen lettuce

given to a canary as though it were a rabbit, and grass shoved into the cage as though it were a cow—and yet within sight plenty of suitable seed grasses. It is also a pity to be over-indignant with the man who kicks a horse. It maybe the animal is half dead, but that is not as dead as the bird in many a "tender" hearted woman's hat.

It must have been this kind of "tender" hearted woman that made the man order sausages when the butcher suggested a piece of steak "as tender as a woman's heart."

THE BREWER AND THE CHILD.

The "Brewers' Journal" reiterates its advice to the Trade to prepare more specious advertisements in favor of the Trade. It proceeds:

Every year tens of thousands of our young people attain maturity. Few of them nowadays will have escaped the influence of teetotal propaganda, at any rate in some period of their youth. Half-truths as to the deleterious effect of alcohol when taken in excess will have been represented to them as applying to the moderate consumption of alcohol also.

If the majority of our people, and the rising generation in particular, are not to become alcohol consumers, we may indeed ask "What's in a name?" The finest product, backed by the most famous name, will not induce a person to take a glass of beer or spirits who has permanently adopted total abstinence as his creed.

This is excellent testimony to the value of modern Temperance propaganda.

The "Journal" gives a further testimonial to the Temperance worker. In its third article in one issue on the C.E.T.S. poster—which has evidently touched it to the quick—it warns the Trade against a policy of laissez faire. This is says

led the Trade in America to destruction. It is the besetting sin of which we must rid ourselves. "Nothing great," said Emerson, "was ever achieved without enthusiasm." Our opponents have this virtue in excess. Like all individuals who are fanatically wedded to a cause they prefer it to their own peace.

It further continues in words which are worth the consideration of all of us:—

It is not the beer drinker but the potential beer drinker that our opponents are most concerned with. It is the uprising generations that the teetotal party wish to enlist on their side.

And brewers are put in the House of Lords in England. Thank God, they know better in U.S.A., where they put them in jail.

HOWAT & McPHAIL,

Tailors, Costumiers
Robe and Gown Makers
Clerical Outfitters

94-96 BATHURST ST., SYDNEY.

Phone City 2056.

Established 1888.

YOU HAVE TO DO WITHOUT

Something else if you pay big fees for your dental work.

MY FEES ARE VERY FAIR.

DENTIST REANEY

OPP. GRACE BROS.

OPEN FRIDAY NIGHTS.

M1420

Politicians, Parties, Principles.

"A RANCOROUS VOICE IS HEARD ON THE HUSTINGS."

By THE CASUAL CONTRIBUTOR.

Verily too much politics maketh the heart sick. The last few days have been a constant whirl and swirl, and above the din of the squabbles is heard the small voice of the poor unfortunate average elector, and taxpayer to boot, asking where he and his needs come in. The public quarrel of members of the one Cabinet which has filled the press of the past week is striking evidence of the apathy of the same average elector. If we possessed a more highly developed sense of our citizenship such an exhibition of the truly paltry nature of our present-day party politics would be impossible. And for the simple reason that the politicians would know that we would make short shrift of men who did this when the day of election arrived.

THEY TOE THE LINE.

The intense organising of the Alliance which has proceeded without ceasing in all the centres of population throughout the State is bearing fruit. Not many years ago the very idea of a Prohibition vote as an entity and a force to be reckoned with was something foreign to any political fight. In fact not many years ago a Prohibitionist was a sort of freak human being, and was tolerated with the same kind of consideration we give to quite harmless but playful children. Prohibition was considered a harmless plaything of a few people, and a safe subject for the alleged jokes of men who appealed for the votes of the people. To-day all that is changed. The whole question of the control and elimination of the drink traffic has become one of the questions of the hour. Seldom a day passes without some reference to Prohibition appearing in the big dailies. To-day the question is not only big from the point of view of Australia, it commands the attention of the statesmen of the world. The hour has gone when our politicians in this

State can afford to ignore or juggle with it. There is a definite and well-defined Prohibition vote. It is increasing every day. Already it will decide the political life or death of some members in the better organised electorates. Yesterday the Prohibitionist sought the politician; to-day the politician seeks the Prohibitionist. Wonderful are the changes which Time brings.

WHERE DO WE STAND?

During the past few days we have had visits from a number of men who will woo the electors at the earliest opportunity. Some of the men are already representing electorates. They came along to know what we intended to do about the coming elections. Note the change in the method of approach. They came to our office; we did not, as in the past, go running after them and wait warming our heels on their doorsteps. Let us repeat it: they came to us and were obviously anxious to know just what we intended to do. For the sake of those who have not come and for our supporters all through the State we will re-affirm our political creed.

We believe in the man who believes in us. We stand by those who have been faithful to our policy of Prohibition, and the Prohibition vote in this State will swing behind those men whose Temperance history is sound.

Let us be quite clear by what we mean when we say Temperance History. If a candidate has fought with us to get the question of Prohibition submitted to the people, we shall advise our people of that fact. We do not ask that he be a total abstainer or even a Prohibitionist—naturally we would that he were both—but we must be quite clear about this, and must not only be understood, but must state our position so that we cannot be misunderstood. Therefore we are not concerned about a man's

private habits or his views on the greater question of the abolition of the Trade. Our aim at this election is to get elected men who are pledged to the people to give us a referendum. That is all we ask, and without being presumptuous, and writing with the knowledge which we possess, we hazard the opinion that the next Parliament—Labor or Nationalist—will be a pledged Referendum Parliament.

THE PERSONAL ASPECT.

Our friends are numbered from amongst men and women of widely divergent views. Their friendship is very valuable to us, and we hope the value is mutual. And as in the past we, as Prohibitionists, have not allowed our views, or the views of our friends, to interfere with that friendship; nevertheless we must point out that in the coming fight no personal likes or dislikes will in any way interfere with our referendum principles. We are, first, last, and all the time four-square for a referendum.

FIRST SHOTS FIRED.

MR. HILL, M.L.A., SUPPORTS REFERENDUM.

The "Sun," 19/1/22, states: Mr. Hill, M.L.A., opened his campaign at Wingham last night. Referring to Prohibition, he said that the Government was to blame for not submitting the question to a vote last year. He was in favor of a vote now."

A MEMBER'S MAIL BAG.

Some good souls imagine that a member of Parliament is a glorified messenger boy, and treat him accordingly. One morning a number of Parliamentarians were opening their mail when the voice of one who was notorious for his thunderous tones broke the silence. "Now what do you think of this? Listen":

Dear Sir,—Last week my wife visited the city. She bought a dress length. She now finds that the length is a yard short. I am enclosing a pattern, and would be pleased if you will procure the yard and send it on. We always vote for you.—Yours truly,

H. IDE.

P.S.—My wife forgets what store she bought the length in, but you will be able to find out.—H.I.

THE SPEAKER SCORES.

There were once two members of Parliament who were constantly trying to score off each other. In the fulness of time one was elected Speaker, and the House waited with interest for the first passage of arms between the old antagonists. The hour struck, and history records it as follows: A member was speaking, and the man who was not made Speaker was firing volleys of interjections. At last the orator lost his patience, and turning to the interjector said: "Oh, shut up, you blithering, blithering idiot." A point of order was taken, and the Speaker was asked: "Is the hon. member in order in referring to an hon. member in such terms?" The Speaker chewed his whiskers—by this habit he may be identified—and very slowly said: "Order. The terms as applied to the hon. member may be quite correct, but they are unparliamentary."

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A Personal Chat with my readers

PERSONAL LIBERTY.

We hear so much about personal liberty that it is well from time to time to just refresh our minds as to what personal liberty really is.

That great master of legal principles, Blackstone, whose writings are the classics in law education amongst all English-speaking peoples, said:

"Personal liberty consists in the power of locomotion, of changing situation, of removing one's person to whatever place one's inclination may direct, without restraint, unless by due course of law."

An American writer recently very pointedly applies this to drunkenness. Liquor takes away that "power of locomotion and of changing one's situation," which is the essence of personal liberty, as every drunk man knows. Every soak who has lain out in the rain will see the point.

There are those who demand unfettered freedom for the individual in all his personal habits. The late Prof. T. H. Green answered that specious plea years ago. He said: "There is no right to freedom in the purchase and sale of a particular commodity, if the general result of allowing such freedom is to detract from freedom in the higher sense—from the general power of men to make the best of themselves." That "higher freedom" is the important consideration, and it is not difficult to decide whether the widespread sale of alcoholic liquors helps or hinders the "general power of men to make the best of themselves."

OLD CLOTHES.

When the camp for unemployed was more or less under my care I appealed for shirts and clothing, and obtained a fine lot of things which were most valuable. I have obtained from the railway authorities permission to have carried to me over the railways of this State all parcels of clothing at quarter rates. Please address to me, c/o. St. Barnabas' Church, George-street West, Sydney, and marked "Clothing for the poor." When possible, please mend and clean what you send. This greatly adds to its value.

RUSSIAN FAMINE.

Miss Margaret Thorp's appeal in "Grit" a few weeks ago has resulted in some kindly folk responding generously. Mr. and Mrs. Gore sent 10/-, the Misses Daveney sent £2/15/-, which included a real sovereign. As I found a gentleman willing to give 25/- for it, this made their contribution £3.

The sum of £87/1/- was sent by "Grit" readers direct to Miss Thorp, and the following amounts have just come to hand: Miss Hunter, 20/-; A. S. Moubray, 15/-; Mr.

and Mrs. Walton, 10/-; Mrs. Service, 20/-; Mrs. Richardson, 20/- . Making a total of £74/16/-.

I will be glad to acknowledge and forward at once any sums sent to me for the famine in Russia.

THE PERSON IN THE PEW.

The following letter from an old friend is an excellent comment on my negative quotation:

"I read with interest the article, 'A Word to the Person in the Pew,' in your Personal Chat of January 5, 1922. As one who is a painter during the week and a lay parson on Sunday, it seems to reflect only one side of the Church problem, which is hardly fair. The layman you refer to has imitated the ten negative commandments of the Old Covenant, 'Thou shalt not.' I have, therefore, imitated the three positive commandments of the New Covenant, 'Thou shalt,' as a word to the person in the pulpit:

"1. Thou shalt preach the word of God. It contains the everlasting Gospel, and is quite sufficient to satisfy the material and spiritual needs of Thy people.

"2. Thou shalt serve thy people. Thou wast not ordained to domineer and drive them, remembering that nothing is more repulsive to the democracies of the world than ecclesiastical domination.

"3. Thou shalt preach short sermons. Thy people have worked all the week, they are weary, they can remember a little and forget a lot."

THE HUMOR OF IT.

South Africa is in the grip of a strike that is costing £160,000 a day. The cables say:

"It was feared that the lack of power at the breweries would mean the waste of vast quantities of beer, but an agreement has been reached."

Nothing is sacred but "beer." A people with beer as their deity is doomed.

THE MEASURE OF OUR DISHONESTY.

One of the most startling things that ever appeared in our press was the article on the people who defraud our railways. The railway officials supply the figures, and assert that 41,000 were actually caught during the month of October last.

The following telegram shows that Victoria suffers in the same way:

"A record number of prosecutions under the by-laws of the Railway Department was listed for 1921. The number of cases brought before the courts was 5002, compared with 2013 in 1920, while fines and costs amounted to £3410 and £1236 respectively, compared

GRIT

A JOURNAL OF
NATIONAL EFFICIENCY
AND PROHIBITION

"Grit, clear Grit."—A pure Americanism, standing for Pluck, or Energy, or Industry, or all three. References probably had to the sandstones used to grindstones—the more grit they contain the better they wear.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1922.

with £25,525 and £840 in 1920. The magistrates dismissed 60 informations."

The remarkable thing is that the "best" suburbs rank as the worst offenders. It is a pitiable thing when thousands of those who go to work can stoop to rob the Government of a paltry few pence. We are evidently more drunken, more immoral, and more dishonest than is generally supposed.

OUR GULLIBLE PRESS.

The daily papers are notoriously susceptible to "copy" that discredits Prohibition, and the Sydney "Bulletin," that simply never plays the game when Prohibition is concerned, has recently dug up a parson who has something to say against Prohibition, and he is the only parson they will quote.

The "Times" a week or two ago published an alleged annual report of the Prohibition Commissioner for the State of Ohio, containing some extraordinary statements. Mr. W. E. Johnson cabled to Columbus and received the following reply:

"Our State Commissioner under our State law was only appointed in April, and as yet has had no opportunity to make an annual report, and is not required to until the year has expired."

The readiness of the press to accept any lie about Prohibition is one of the most encouraging features of our temperance fight. You only use poison gas when you can't win by fair fighting.

THE EDITOR.

Putting Alcohol in its Right Place.

A NEW OBJECTIVE FOR THE PROHIBITIONIST.

Lecture by Professor John Read, M.A., Ph.D.*

Specially reported for "Grit," by W.A.S.

The countryman's facetious synonym, "Adam's Ale," is something more than a joke; it has a certain scientific justification, for on theoretical grounds water is the simplest member of the alcohol series.—Professor John Read.

If the series of lectures just held under the auspices of the Anti-Liquor League of Victoria has done nothing else, it has emphasised the change that has taken place in the methods of temperance reform. For how many decades has the temperance lecturer been caricatured—and with a modicum of truth—as a thin, anaemic cleric, with rigid views and a hoarse enthusiasm? He sought to counteract the effects of strong drink by warning the heedless young drinker and salvaging where possible the profligate old drunkard. He seemed almost solely concerned with intemperance as an offence against religion, and as "the preacher" he had the temperance field almost to himself.

But the modern temperance reformer appears in varied garb. Take the series of lectures under review, several of which have appeared in "Grit." There was one clergyman—a professor of theology, who was anything but a fanatic—there were several scientists, whose personal views on total abstinence were not even inquired about; there were social and political leaders, and one or two men of commerce and scholarship.

Perhaps the antithesis of the old-time temperance lecture was reached when, on a recent evening, two gentlemen, immaculately clad in evening dress, stepped on to the platform and took their places behind a table adorned with a gorgeous array of flasks and flagons, test-tubes and retorts, bottles and phials, stoves and kettles.

The first was Professor Orme Masson, of the University of Melbourne, who took the chair and introduced the other as "Professor Read, who has come from the University of Sydney to talk to you from the chemist's standpoint about the scientific and industrial uses of alcohol.

THE LECTURER'S VIEWPOINT.

"Whilst Professor Read is not here as an avowed advocate of Prohibition or any other method of social reform," added the chairman, "those who know him know that he is susceptible only to good influences, and that he sympathises with all well-meant efforts for the public good. But he is here to speak purely from the chemist's standpoint, to tell you what alcohol is, whence it comes, what its uses are, and how these may be extended."

And so it proved. The lecture, considered from the Prohibitionist's standpoint, proved

*Professor of Organic Chemistry, pure and applied in the University of Sydney.

distinctive from the fact that it contained, from first to last, no single word in condemnation of alcohol. The plea of the old-time lecturer, to whom we have referred, was: "Abolish alcohol from the earth." But Professor Read said, in effect, "Abolish alcohol! It cannot be done. So long as the sun shines and the grass grows, Nature will go on producing alcohol." And he threw on the screen a beautiful micro-photograph of a section of a green leaf, showing the tiny globules of carbohydrates which are the "repositories of energy abstracted from the sun's rays and stored up for the future use of the plant and its successors."

WHAT IS FERMENTATION?

Then by way of preparation for his talk on the uses of alcohol, the lecturer gave a digest of the processes by fermentation and distillation that was a perfect masterpiece of platform condensation, so good indeed that further compression is difficult though necessary.

"Alcohol," he said, "is produced from sugary solutions by fermentation, and is further concentrated by distillation. Fermentation is a natural bio-chemical process, and the production of alcohol stops at 'a certain point; distillation is artificial, and purely physical."

Fermentation (and the simple fermented beverages), continued the professor, had been known from time immemorial, and at an early date it was recognised that if yeast (the scum occurring in fermenting liquors) were transferred to other sugary solutions fermentation would follow in these; but it was not till 1836 that the living nature of yeast cells was discovered, and yeast was proved to be not a chemical compound, but a living organism—a low form of plant life. Pasteur, confirming this in a series of epoch-making researches, uttered the famous dictum, "No fermentation without life." Yet there was a step farther to go—for as late as 1896 E. Buchner showed that the immediate fermenting agent is a chemical substance elaborated by the living organisms in the yeast called enzymes. "Hence," added Professor Read, "Pasteur's dictum may now be modified to: 'No fermentation without enzymes; no enzymes without life.'"

But—and this was the important point—no fermented liquor could contain more than 17 per cent. of alcohol, for when it reached this stage the yeast organism struck and produced no more of the necessary enzymes.

WHAT IS DISTILLATION?

At this point where Nature stopped man took up the task with the artificial process of distillation. The lecturer gave a simple demonstration of the principle. Whilst he had been talking a gentle flame had been burning beneath a glass flagon with an elongated neck. It contained a brown liquid that portion of the audience at least recognised, and just at the right moment apparently it reached the right temperature. "Here," said the lecturer, "is an alcoholic liquor obtained by fermentation—beer. Its alcoholic content, like that of cider and ale, is approximately 5 per cent. When we raise the temperature the alcoholic content rises, and may be distilled." He applied a lighted taper to the end of the neck, and the released fumes burned with the familiar blue flame of alcohol.

Professor Read then traced briefly—and with lantern illustrations—the history and development of the distilling process and apparatus. He also threw on the sheet a list of the well-known sources of fermentable carbohydrates—fruits, roots, grain, inflorescences and leaves—and of the more recently-exploited sources such as wood waste and sugar molasses. "But whatever the source," he explained, "alcohol can be readily distilled to give a refined or rectified spirit of about 90 per cent. strength, suitable for industrial or scientific use. . . . 'Absolute' alcohol containing 1 to 1½ per cent. of water may be prepared by dehydrating and then redistilling."

WHAT IS ALCOHOL?

In a previous lecture Dr. Mackeddle had mentioned that beverage alcohol was one of (Continued on page 10.)

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Putting Alcohol in its Right Place

(Continued from Page 9.)

a series of alcohols, and Professor Read made this admirably clear in a series of tables and diagrams. "Pure alcohol," he explained, "is a colorless liquid with a burning taste and rather pleasant smell. It boils at 78 degrees centigrade. Chemically it is composed of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen. Its name is Ethyl Alcohol; its molecular formula is C_2H_6O , or $C_2H_5.OH$, and its position in the family of simple alcohols is number 2. Thus:

	Boils at deg.
1. Methyl Alcohol (wood spirit)	66
2. Ethyl Alcohol (fermentation or grain alcohol)	78
3. Propyl Alcohol	97
4. Butyl Alcohol	117
5. Amyl Alcohol	138

"It is interesting that on theoretical grounds the simplest member of the alcohol series is water $H.OH$, which could be called 'hydryl alcohol.'"

ALCOHOL IN INDUSTRY.

This led the lecturer to the point of outlining the rapidly expanding field and the vast possibilities ahead for the use of alcohol in science, commerce and industry. A most interesting explanation was given of the way in which the abuse of methylated spirit led to its being "mineralised" or "denatured" by the addition of nauseous substances like petroleum, pyridine and crude wood spirit. To show the wide uses of this "mineralised" spirit, the professor put on a slide containing a list of nearly fifty British industries which, during a single year, used over 4,000,000 gallons.

The story which followed—of how pure or absolute alcohol is transformed into ether and chloroform; is made into that abomination of the war, mustard-gas; is converted into the synthesis of certain coal-tar dyes, and is made into a valuable hypnotic drug, chloral, or again into iodoform or antipyrin—gave the professor an opportunity of performing a number of attractive experiments to illustrate his points.

He showed the audience, too, the extensive part played by alcohol in the preparation of high explosives. To illustrate in a mild way he showed us how a wad of cottonwool naturally burns with a sort of dull, reluctant

flame; then he soaked a handful in the alcohol preparation, and touched a taper to it, whereupon it blew up with a "pouff" that made everybody jump.

THE ENERGY IN ALCOHOL.

Finally Professor Read came to the fascinating subject of alcohol as a source of energy. He had begun by giving us a glimpse into Nature's laboratory, showing how she stored up energy in the tiny carbohydrates in the leaf, and now he showed us how man in his laboratory is devising means of using up the potentialities that lie in alcohol as a source of energy. It is in this direction, he said, that the most extensive use of alcohol possibly lies.

Comparing the use of coal with alcohol as fuel, Professor Read said:

"Coal, indeed, an important source of fixed nitrogen, and the parent of the wonderful coal-tar, should only be used as a source of energy under careful scientific control. This priceless accretion of thousands of centuries of plant life should not be recklessly burnt in a manner which entails the destruction of the valuable fixed nitrogen and the still more valuable tar, with its almost inexhaustible chemical applications.

"No such criticism can be directed towards the use of alcohol as a source of energy; for, as long as the sun shines and plants grow, the formation of carbohydrates will not cease. And as the great world continues to spin 'down the ringing grooves of change,' the wealthy countries will be those having at command abundant supplies of energy. In those future days this sunny land of Australia, so favored a target for solar radiation, should occupy under proper scientific guidance a high position among the nations of the world.

"It is easy to realise that the production of power alcohol has a very intimate bearing upon agriculture. In Great Britain it has been urged that the large-scale production of alcohol from potatoes or sugar-beet would not only render the country independent of imported liquid fuels, but would exert, in addition, a very stimulating effect upon British agriculture.

"The cheapest sources of alcohol, such as sugar molasses, palm sap and starch-producing plants like arrowroot and cassava, can only be grown in tropical and sub-tropical countries. At present, the best-known Australian source of alcohol is the first of these. Over 10,000,000 gallons of molasses result annually as a by-product in the Australian cane-sugar industry, and it is estimated that about one-quarter of this amount is converted into alcohol, the yield being about 1,000,000 gallons.

"The use of alcohol in Australia as a common motive power would necessitate an enormously increased production, which could not be met by the fullest utilisation of waste molasses. Consequently, the systematic cultivation of such crops as sorghum cassava and sweet potatoes for the production of power alcohol should play an important part in the agricultural development of Australia."

Professor Read concluded with a word of advice about Prohibition. He said: "The Prohibitionist's rational aim should be to carry the manufacture of alcoholic liquors one stage further: to distil from them their 'soul of goodness,' and thus to maintain a supply of industrial alcohol adequate to meet the expanding scientific and industrial needs of a young and vigorous country."

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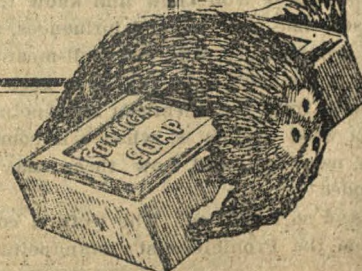
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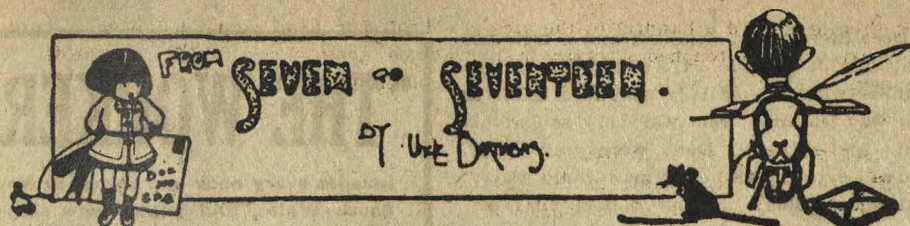


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All boys and girls between the age of seven and seventeen are invited to join the family of Uncle B. Write only on one side of the paper. Send your photo as soon as convenient. Send the date of your birthday. There is no fee to pay. Uncle B.'s birthday is celebrated in April each year by a picnic, to which he invites all his Ne's and Ni's. If you do not write for three months you are a "scallywag." Address all letters to Uncle B., Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

IF YOU WERE.

Have you ever thought how naturally we think and say, "If they were," or he or she were? We always want other people to do the changing. The business of a Christian is to make themselves right, and to make others happy. When we invert this, then we are altogether wrong:

If you were busy being kind,
Before you knew it you would find
You'd soon forget to think 'twas true
That someone was unkind to you.

If you were busy being glad
And cheering people who are sad,
Although your heart might ache a bit,
You'd soon forget to notice it.

If you were busy being good,
And doing just the best you could,
You'd not have time to blame some man
Who's doing just the best he can.

If you were busy being true
To what you know you ought to do,
You'd be so busy you'd forget
The blunders of the folks you've met.

If you were busy being right,
You'd find yourself too busy quite
To criticise your neighbor long
Because he's busy being wrong.

UNCLE B.

ANY MORE STAMPS!

Lennie, "The Willows," writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Thank you very much for the stamps you sent me. They are just what I wanted. Please see if any of your Ne's and Ni's can guess the name of Admiral Beatty's flagship in the battle of Jutland. My mother was in the hospital with appendicitis for nearly a month, but I am very pleased to be able to say she came home on Wednesday last cured, but still weak. Dad bought a car and is learning to drive, and we hope to have good times. With love and thanks.

(Dear Lennie,—I hope some of your "cousins" will start swapping stamps with you. The way to do it is to send all your duplicate stamps to the stamp-collecting "consin." They will keep those they want

and send you all their spares to choose a like number from.—Uncle B.)

WHO WILL WRITE?

Jessie Brookes, Upper Picton, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am just writing a few lines to ask you if I am on the scallywag list. Please excuse me, as I have been sick. I had a letter from another Ni in Queensland, and if any other Ni would care to write to me, I would be pleased. Uncle, will you send me some reading matter, as I like reading very much? We are having very hot weather in Picton at present, but I think we will have a storm this afternoon. I don't think there is any more news this time. With love to all "Grit" cousins and yourself.

(Dear Jessie,—I am glad one of your "cousins" wrote to you, and hope some others do so. Why don't you write to your Chicago "cousin," whose interesting letters are in "Grit" every now and then?—Uncle B.)

GOOD OLD SANTA CLAUS.

Elizabeth Small, 583 Wyse-st., Albury, writes:

Dear Uncle B.,—I hope you are keeping well. I am a scallywag, and I want you to cross my name off, as I have had the "shingles" for seven weeks, and am nearly better now. It is raining at present—just a light shower, though. Santa Claus came to me on Saturday night, and brought me a doll's bed and a picture book, named "The Arabian Nights," and it is very nice, and also brought me a toy tram car filled up with chocolates and caramels. That's all he brought, but it is quite enough. He brought Ruby (my sister) a book, a bathing cap, a fountain pen, and a jar of lollies and some nuts, and one of my other sisters, Emily, a book, a bathing cap, a fountain pen, and a cake of chocolate. And my other sister, Maggie, got a book, a bathing cap, a wristlet watch, and a cake of chocolate. Well, Uncle, I must close now, as it is drawing near tea-time.

(Dear Elizabeth,—I am glad to hear that Santa Claus was so busy during his visit to you. I am afraid as we get older he is apt to lose our address, but he does not seem to forget to use us grown-ups to carry his messages for him.—Uncle B.)

I DO.

Minnie Gilberd, 25 Rose-st., Darlington, writes:

Dear Uncle B.,—I was so pleased to see my letter in "Grit" a couple of weeks ago. I had been looking forward to seeing it each week. I was also glad to see that you have accepted me as one of your many Ni's, and I shall try and be regular in writing, as I do not wish to be put on the scallywag list. Well, Uncle, I

must tell you about our confirmation service, which was held last Friday night in St. Alban's Church. His Grace, the Archbishop, confirmed them. There were about fifty altogether, and it was so nice to hear them say "I do," and I just wondered whether they meant it or not. I only hope they did. On Christmas Day they all took their first communion in their confirmation veils at the 7 o'clock service. Our church was beautifully decorated. I have been down to hear you preaching for a few Sunday nights at St. Barnabas' Church, and I liked the service and also the sermons, too.

(Dear Minnie,—Those two little words "I do" have changed many a life, and I hope and pray you and those with you will often renew that vow at your communion service. It is a good thing to make up your mind to go to the communion on the first Sunday in each month.—Uncle B.)

A NEW NI.

Iris Tucker, 32 Hall-st., Bondi, writes:

Dear Uncle B.,—I hope you will allow me to become one of your Ni's. I will be 12 on the 14th of October. I have not yet got a photo of myself, but I will send one as soon as I can. My auntie gets "Grit" every week, and I like it very much, especially pages 11, 12, and 13. I go to the Bondi Public School, and we break up this afternoon. The Bondi carnival starts to-night. I suppose I will be there.

(Dear Iris,—I am glad you like "Grit," and have become a Ni. I expect you have spent a lot of time bathing during the holidays, and are as brown as a berry. I do not know why so many of us use that expression when berries are more often green or red.—Uncle B.)

DID YOU HANG YOUR STOCKING?

Lena Koeber, Balmoral, Tilba-st., Narooma, writes:

Dear Uncle B.,—I would like you to accept me as one of your Ne's. I am eleven years of age, and my birthday is on the 1st of March. I will send my photo as soon as convenient. I go to the Narooma Public School. I am going into Moruya for two weeks. We are having very hot weather down here. My friend, Winnie Bates, told me about this paper, and got me to write. I don't want to be on the scallywag list. Are you going to hang your stocking up for Christmas? I am. I will close now with love to you and all "Grit" cousins.

(Dear Lena,—I am glad to have you join my family, and thank your friend Winnie for introducing you to "Grit." My stocking happens to be a sock, and I have so few of them that I have been in the habit of hanging up an old chaff bag.—Uncle B.)

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HELPING THE POOR.

Elaine Tamblyn, Marrickville, writes:

Dear Uncle B.—Since I wrote to you last I have been away on a holiday to Katoomba, and I had a very enjoyable time. We had our quarterly examination to-day, but I do not know whether I passed or not. We are having an exhibition at the end of the year. I think we will have it the day we break up. I had three silk worms this year, and they have all spun. Last week we had a sale of work at St. Clement's Church, which was in aid of the Peal of Bells, which we hope to hear ringing on Xmas Day. Xmas time being near, I thought you might have some little Ne's and Ni's that would not have any toys for Xmas. If so, father would be very glad to give you some.

(Dear Elaine,—It will seem very dreadful that I did not call on your father for those toys. The fact is that I did not read your letter until after Xmas Day. I am really far, far too busy, and I am one of those stupid creatures who find it easier to do things myself than ask others to do them. But I thank you for the kind thought.—Uncle B.)

A GOOD DOG.

Marjory Biden, Beecroft, writes:

Dear Uncle B.—My sister has been getting "Grit" for a good while now, and I have taken great interest in your page. I hope you will accept me as a Ni, and I will send my photograph as soon as possible. I turned thirteen on Saturday, 3rd December. I think it a great idea about having a picnic on your birthday. We have two little kittens. We had three, but gave one away, and are giving another away as well. We had an Australian terrier for about five years, but she got a number of ticks in her and died on Friday. We called her Nella. She was very faithful, even when she died. When she was told to go outside she would go. Our hall is shined every Friday, and my sister used to say: "Nella, walk on the side of the hall, not in the middle." She understood her perfectly well, too.

(Dear Marjory,—I am glad to have you as a Ni. I wonder did you see the true dog stories in the Sydney "Mail" a few weeks ago? They were most interesting. You might have sent them a story about your faithful old Nella.—Uncle B.)

A WELCOME.

Mervyn Oke, Bolong, writes:

Dear Uncle B.—I saw my letter in "Grit" with your answer. I like to read pages 12, 13, and 14. A good while ago we gave Mr. Roberts and Mrs. Roberts a send-off, and about three weeks afterwards we welcomed our new minister, Mr. F. H. McGowan.

Speeches were delivered by Mr. T. Binks, my father, Mr. D. V. Boyd, Miss Halcrow, Mr. J. W. Henry, Mr. G. S. Bensley, and then Mr. F. H. McGowan responded. Then they went to the school hall and had tea, which was supplied by the ladies of the Church Aid. Mr. S. P. Sheldon is the teacher at the Nowra S.P.S., and is a good headmaster, too. With love to yourself and all the "Ni's and "Ne's."

(Dear Mervyn,—A send-off and a welcome is always of interest. I wonder do you remember what an old lady said to a minister who was leaving? She was very sad at his going, and he said: "Don't worry, my friend, you will get a much better man in my place." And she replied: "I can't believe that, because they told me that when our last minister left."—Uncle B.)

A LOVELY HOLIDAY.

Mollie Hebdey, Marrickville, writes:

Dear Uncle B.—Will you have me for one of your Ni's? I am eight years old. My birthday is on 15th May. I am just home from Hazelbrook, where I spent a lovely holiday. I was staying with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Denshire. You know Mr. Denshire, he belongs to St. Clement's Sunday School. I go to that Sunday school also. Miss Anderson is my teacher. We had our Sunday school picnic in October at Clifan Gardens, and we had a lovely time. We spent a month at Hazelbrook. I went for the mail every morning, as we had no postman to bring our letters to us. Last Saturday week we went to see the Falls. They were very pretty. We had our lunch there; then we went on to the lake, and I had my photo taken paddling in the water. I will send you one when they are printed. I am enclosing photo of myself and my little sister Gracie. She is not yet seven. I hope I will never become a scallywag. Good-bye, Uncle, with lots of love to yourself and all "Grit" cousins.

(Dear Mollie,—You certainly had a lovely holiday. Yes, I know Mr. Denshire. He is one of the loyal friends who remembers me and helps me, and has done so for a long, long time.—Uncle B.)

MAKE A START.

Ruby Small, 583 Wyse-st., Albury, writes:

Dear Uncle B.—It is a long time since I have written to you, but I hope I am not a scallywag. Yesterday it was a beautiful day, but to-day is a very tiresome one. First it is raining, then it stops, and so on. I don't exactly know what to talk about, but I am sure to think of something. I am enjoying my school holidays very much, but I will be glad when school starts again. I sat for my Q.C. last November, and I am waiting anxiously for the results to appear in the paper. Did you have a happy Xmas, Uncle? I hope you did, because I did. Now that the swimming season has appeared, I go swimming whenever I can, because I like it very much.

(Dear Ruby,—I like what you say about "being sure you will find something to say after you start." The people who never start because they don't know how they are going to finish never get anywhere. All we need is enough to start with.—Uncle B.)

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AUTO WARNINGS.

Sign seen on Chicago Boulevard: "Autos will slow down to a walk."

Sign in London, O.: "Drive slow and see our town. Drive fast and see our jail."

THE GIRL AT SEA.

The speaker was an Admiral who was discussing at a dinner party certain strictures that had been passed upon the navy.

"Why," he went on, smiling whimsically, "that armchair critic is as ignorant as the girl on the Cunarder."

"This girl, crossing to England, got friendly with one of the ship's officers, a young man of twenty-five or so. The two were leaning side by side on the rail one day when the officer said:

"There goes four bells. I must ask you to excuse me. It's my watch below."

"Oh, stop your kiddin'!" said the girl. "Whoever heard of a watch striking as loud as that?"

THE EXACTING EEL.

A profiteer bought a wonderful country home and set about making it even more wonderful. One of his proposals was a fish pond which should contain eels.

"But you can't keep eels in a pond," suggested his neighbor, to whom he had confided his idea. "They have to go down to the sea every year, you know."

"Well, I won't have 'em," gasped the profiteer; "I always takes the missus and the kids every year, but I ain't going to take no eels."

A CLEVER RUSE.

She thought she heard a burglar in the dining-room. She was quite alone. She dared not descend to the lower floor, she could not handle a revolver, and she was afraid to scream for help.

At last a bright inspiration came to her. There was an old "To Let" sign in a cupboard. She put it in her window, where the arc light from across the street would fall full upon it.

In three minutes a crowd had gathered before her house, and three men had burst in her door. As she heard their determined tread climbing the stairs, she dropped into a chair and swooned with relief. She was saved!

In the unregenerate eighteen nineties when beer was a beverage and not a therapeutic agent, Zim, the comic draughtsman, had a picture in "Judge" showing the happy family life of a contented hod-carrier. The father is seated in a chair smoking a pipe, his face buried in the evening paper. The mother is guiding the first footsteps of their infant son.

"Look, Mike," she says proudly, "little Patsey can walk."

The father never raises his eyes from the paper.

"Send him down to Casey's for a pint," he says.

A capital story illustrating what a keen business race the Jews are, is told by Mr. Bernard, the author of "Toddles." "I met a friend of mine who had bought up a stock of cast-off clothing, and was burdened with 49 overcoats of which he could not dispose. 'I have priced them down 50 per cent,' he told me, 'and nobody will take them.' 'I'll tell you what to do, I said. 'Here is a list of seven Jewish gentlemen in Marseilles, Lyons, and elsewhere. Send each of them seven of your overcoats, and to each an invoice for six only. They will be sure to keep them.' A few days afterwards I met my friend again. He was very rude to me. Each of the seven Jewish gentlemen had kept one overcoat and returned him the six mentioned in the invoice!"

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is a picture!

However do you
get everything so
spotlessly clean
& bright?



Yes, me'am, it do
look nice but it's
very little trouble
when you use
**PEARSON'S
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DAILY INSPIRATION

SUNDAY.

"Every branch in Me that beareth fruit He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit."—John, 15, 1.

Surely this ought to be an encouragement to all those who are undergoing the pruning process. Shrink not, O Christian, from the tender hand of the Master; He would see in you more fruit, and so He has to cut off those offshoots of pride and vain-glory; those tendrils which cling to earthly props must be untwined, that you may cling more closely to the true Vine. The "peaceable fruit of righteousness" will be the "afterward" of the present trial if you will let Him work His will in you. He only seeks to draw you to His tender heart of love in a more close and abiding union, that you may show forth all His praise. "Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing."

MONDAY.

"Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness to them which are exercised thereby."

Each thing that tries me is God's test for me. That He may purge or prune me perfectly; No grief is sent me, but it leaves my heart More hard, or doth more tenderness impart; Each pain, each disappointment, that I bear Is God's appointment, that His grace I share, And every trial leaves its mark behind, Either for good or evil on my mind.

Then let each loss bring me eternal gain; The gift of sympathy be born of pain; The gift of patience from affliction's smart, Of fortitude from griefs which wring my heart; Unselfishness, from weary toilsome days, And in the darkest night, the gift of praise, So shall each weakness which besets me now Be changed to strength when to God's will I bow.

TUESDAY.

"Whom the Lord loveth He chasteth, and scourgeth every son He receiveth."

The fondest earthly parents must sometimes chastise their children, not because they love doing it, but because their children's welfare is more dear to them than their own feelings. It costs them more pain to punish that child than they inflict, but it would be no kindness to leave it untrained and undisciplined. So God compares Himself to an earthly parent; yet how infinitely more tender and kind is He than the most affectionate human being! We sometimes hear it said God cannot love men to permit such evils to fall upon them. It is just because He loves them that He permits the evils, that He may prevent greater ones.

WEDNESDAY.

"My grace is sufficient for thee, for My strength is made perfect in weakness."

With the burden, strength is given;
With the sorrow, grace to bear;
Not a tie of earth is riven,
But it doth for bliss prepare,
And Christ therefore nothing taketh,
But to give us something more;
For He thus the sad heart breaketh
Just to find the precious ore.

Shall we murmur at His kindness,
Though in love He wound the heart?
Shall we in our wicked blindness
Bid Him leave us and depart?
Nay, we still the closer clinging
Would our wills resign to His,
And aside each dark weight flinging
Press to everlasting bliss.

THURSDAY.

"I will be with Him in trouble."

Are you in any sort of trouble? Then this promise is for you. Has sickness laid its hand upon you? Is loneliness your lot? Do you long "in vain for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still"? Do "sad eyes watch in vain for feet that never come"? Or is disease slowly wasting the earthly house of this tabernacle away? Have you had many losses? Or is there a skeleton in your cupboard which only Jesus knows of? Then this promise is for you. Jesus is with you, though you may not perceive Him by reason of the clouds around you. He is touched with the feeling of your infirmities. Ah, you say, that text is only for good people. Well, here is another one: "Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee." You have only to call to make that true. It may be only a whisper, but He will hear, and fly to your relief. Perhaps you say you have called, and He has not delivered you. But He will. He may not deliver you out of it at once. You may have to learn some lessons more perfectly from it first, but He will deliver you sometime, somehow. "He will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry; when He shall hear it, He will answer thee."

FRIDAY.

"Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him."

"Rest in the Lord," O Christian,
When the way is rough and long,
For He is thy salvation,
And He shall make thee strong.
Rest not in earth's attraction,
Nor any earthly thing;
Rest in the Lord, thy Saviour,
And this true peace will bring.

"Rest in the Lord" when sorrow
Has crushed thy spirits sore,
When life with all its anguish
Can bring thee joy no more;
Then in the time for resting,
In His great love for thee,
Rest in the Lord, and thou shalt yet
True happiness shall see.

"Rest in the Lord," have patience,
Trust only in the Lord,
Though heaven and earth should pass away,
He cannot break His word.
The mountains may depart, the hills
Far from their places move,
His kindness never shall depart,
His everlasting love.

SATURDAY.

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth, and there was no more sea."

People cling to the old, and like to think this world will always go on as it is now with just a few alterations. The Bible tells us this world and all that is therein will be burned up. Everything points in this direction—to the destruction of the old, and the formation of the new. "For the former things," Dr. John tells us in the vision that he saw, "were passed away, and there shall be no more sea."

No sea of death is there to sever and divide,

No sea to scatter kindred far and wide,
No sea to chant its requiem for the dead,
Its restless sobbing will be quieted.

He who made this world so beautiful will make a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness, and all the former things are passed away. "There shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

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A Convincing Letter—

(Continued from page 2.)

who might not be as entertaining without it. Such serving is frequently broadly advertised.

The banking experience, particularly with reference to savings deposits, tends to sustain my statements above made as to effects on business. Reliable statistics are readily procurable.

JUST A SAMPLE.

I may give you a concrete business experience. I built a brick store, fifty feet front by one hundred and forty feet deep, two stories high, plate-glass front, which was finished shortly after the expiration of the first dry season, and the setting in of the wet. I showed this property to several business men with a view of renting it. They expressed satisfaction with the stores themselves and thought the price reasonable, but on surveying the surroundings said that there was a whole block between this property and the heart of the business district, which block was given over to saloons, and accompanying pool rooms and cab stands, and that they would never be able to get the ladies to pass out from the business centre to my property, as they would have to pass this block of saloons. I was forced to rent that property at a very small price. Since Prohibition returned and that block has been made safe and respectable, I have been able to get double the rent formerly received.

I might give you numerous illustrations to show that no drinking people can successfully compete with a sober people in industrial, manufacturing or professional life, but it would too greatly prolong this statement.

Respecting the good humor and orderly conduct under Prohibition as compared with open saloon days, I refer to such public occasions as election day, holidays, visits of celebrities, such as the President of the United States, to war parades, armistice celebrations, etc. Formerly it was necessary to put on extra policemen to control the crowds. Now the Boy Scouts rope off the route of the parade and handle the crowds without difficulty or friction, whereas it formerly took the strong arm of the police to curb men fired up with liquor.

Many of the expressions of failure of the Prohibition laws are mere explosions of anger at the restraint, and not bona-fide expressions of the real belief as to actual effects or conditions.

In fact, no informed person, who is honest with himself will fail to observe very great improvement in our people, in all the respects mentioned, under Prohibition as against the highest license, or the strictest regulations we have ever had of the open saloon.—Yours very truly,

(Signed) NATHAN L. MILLER,
Lieutenant-Governor of Alabama.

Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, had 105 men in its jail on July 1, 1919, and one year later, after Prohibition, had 45.

A PROPHECY.

Mr. W. L. George, the well-known novelist, writing in "Harper's Magazine," says:

"My own belief is that in the United States of America liquor will practically disappear. Liquor is to a certain extent sustained by the unpalatable nature of the Prohibition drinks; the beer is nothing but a ghost of the real beer; apple cider, loganberry juice, and such like are fit to make a school treat sick. The only good Prohibition drink is water. But the resources of industrial chemistry will by degrees produce the illusion we need. It is the only thing we need in life. Drink itself will go because it is not being given to the young generation. That is not only a question of shame, but a question of supply. As the stocks go down, as enforcement grows more rigid, drink will grow more and more difficult to obtain. The father will naturally keep it for himself, and a vague sort of shame will prevent him from introducing his son to liquor. So the young generation will grow up without it, not wanting what it does not know; by degrees as the old drinking generation dies out, the only drunkards will be people afflicted by a new kind of depravity, who will drink whisky as they now snuff cocaine. They will be the exception rather than the rule."

New Jersey Saloon Men Disband.

The Camden County Retail Liquor Dealers' Association has formally disbanded and distributed the money in the treasury among the members, says the Philadelphia "North American." It is the last of twenty-one saloonmen's associations in the State to pass out of existence, and was nearly one hundred years old. The recent election, with the "drys" triumphant, precipitated this action.

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